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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### ODE.

OH, LIFE!  
What art thou? but a tender flower  
That morning dew in beauty, blooming fair,  
Which waning, withers with the evening shower,  
And leaves its loveliness 'on desert air."

Thy pleasures! fleeting like thyself—a light  
That leaves no mark, no surety to be true;  
Thy hopes, thy dreams, thy visions, all are bright,  
But in each rose-bud, hidden as pearls lay,  
Thy life of joy and sorrow, all are bright,  
Oh! it is false to say that life has joy.

Smile, it is true, may beam,  
But ah! the tears of momentary gleam,  
That by the sun, it is soon to pass,  
Which show the clouds on gony days.

But not where is it! pleasure's flowers,  
Though brilliant and adorned with flowers,  
Pleasures it is not! I sought it there,  
The phantom, rapid, and of fond despair,  
Awhile my tears, and I found—despair,  
Of momentary death my woe!

A bright-eyed youth, with a wreath,  
Of every flower of the earth,  
And placed it on my brow of care—  
And did it cause the burning pain,  
That madmen rave, and all men fear,  
A secret sorrow, and a heart-ache.

And we return, and I found great rest,  
Dwelling in pleasure's bright retreat.

Life! truly thou art "a fleeting show,"  
At times thy smile will fade, and flow,  
But 'neath thy surface, rocks are to be seen,  
Oh, which thy beauty is often driven,  
And then to deep and dark despair,  
Man made to mourn, forever given.

But there's a light that breaks the gloom,  
Which glimmers round his path—his pure,  
Not mine, but his, that glimmers round,  
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### THE DECEASED PATRIOTS.

[SELECTED.]  
When brave men sink beneath the land they saved,  
An awful gloom is o'er a nation hung,  
A part of our own sunshine seems to go,  
And childish tears tell tales at our own eyes.  
Oh! brave old remnant of the antique time!  
Bright spark, from Liberty's volcano gone—  
A nation happy sounds played round thy shade,  
And made thy death sublime and glorious.  
A million prayers, for comforts gained by thee,  
Hallowed thy spirit at its resting place.  
And, surely, when the last sigh left thy heart,  
Angels of God, with golden harps, came down,  
And as a grateful nation blessed thy name,  
The host of heaven rang out with wild delight,  
The long and loud amen! Fare thee well, great soul!  
If Virtue's votary, if Freedom's friend,  
Be worthy of the palm and robe of white—  
Thou art a thing eternal with the blessed—  
Thou wilt stand in hand with charity,  
Be lovely in the sight of the All-wise,  
Thou hast unfading joys at his right hand.  
Alas! thy countrymen mourn a heart-string  
gone!

Yet looking proudly on the days gone by,  
See how thy acts have gained her future joys!

### SKETCHES OF LIFE.

#### SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES.

Reader, if you wish to see your necessities  
should lead you to Madeira, go for my sake,  
to the nursery of Santa Clara. It is at the  
western end of Funchal, and you may buy  
there the prettiest flowers for your sweet-  
heart's hair and the most ingenious toys in  
what are in the world. The nuns sell  
them very cheap, and all they get from you  
goes in real charity to themselves or their  
penitents. Perhaps also, you may see poor  
Maria, if she be not dead; if she comes,  
speak to her very kindly and give my love to  
her; but you do not know me, or poor Maria  
either.

Maria Clementina, the youngest child  
of Pedro Agostinho, was born in Madeira. Her  
parents had an unusually large family, and  
were labouring under some embarrassment from  
the unfavourable termination of an im-  
portant law suit. What unfortunate event  
coincided with her birth, I know not, but  
Maria was disliked by her father and her  
mother from the first years of her infancy.  
Her brothers neglected her in obedience to  
their parents, and her sisters, who were very  
ugly, hated her for her beauty. Every one  
else in Funchal and the neighborhood, loved  
her, and she had many offers of marriage at  
thirteen years of age, which the little maiden  
laughed at and forwarded to her eldest sisters.  
The more she was petted abroad, the more  
she was persecuted at home. She was treated  
at length like Cinderella, with no fairy to  
help her. Amongst other arrangements for  
the purchase of commissions for two of his  
sons, and for giving portions to two of his  
daughters, Pedro Agostinho determined to  
sacrifice his best and sweetest child Maria.  
At eighteen she was placed as a novice in this  
nunnery, at nineteen she took the veil and  
renounced the world forever. At this time  
she was the most beautiful maid in this island,  
and, what is remarkable in a Portuguese, of a  
fair complexion, with a brilliant colour, blue  
eyes, and very long and glossy brown hair.

A year after this, the Constitutional Govern-  
ment was established in Portugal, and one of  
the first and wisest acts of the Cortes was to  
order the doors of all religious houses to be  
thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by  
friends of all strangers, some to see the church,  
some to see the garden, and some to see the  
nuns. Amongst others a Portuguese officer,  
at that time quartered in Funchal, saw and  
fell in love with Maria; he was a handsome  
youth, of a good family, and Maria returned  
his love with an earnestness which perhaps  
had as much desire of liberty as of love. He  
saw in it a nun is emancipated from her  
parents, and the law declared the vow of  
celibacy null and void. The marriage was de-  
termined on, her hair permitted to grow  
again, her clothes prepared, and the wedding  
day fixed. Maria fell ill, and the physician  
enjoined perfect quiet for some time. The  
wedding was fatally postponed to another  
day, and before that day arrived, his Faithful  
Majesty had dissolved his parliament, and  
fearful lest Heaven should have one more of  
its daughters, had revoked the law of the  
Cortes, and despatched an express to notify  
as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria  
arose from her bed of sickness to return to  
her cell and her rosary, her lengthening ring-  
lets were again mercilessly shorn; the mob  
cap, the leather corset, the serge gown were  
laid before her, and some old Egyptian, who  
could not better themselves elsewhere, bade  
her return thanks to God that she had so  
narrowly escaped mixing again in the vanities of  
the world.

On the 5th of January, a few hours before  
we sailed from Madeira, I walked with hand-  
some and very agreeable English woman to  
visit Santa Clara. I was anxious to see  
Maria, whose story I knew. After a little  
hesitation on the part of three venerable  
ladies, who first presented themselves at  
the great door of the house, Maria was sum-  
moned. She came to us with a smiling coun-  
tenance, and kissed my companion repeatedly.  
Her color was gone, but she was still  
beautifully fair, and the exquisite shape of  
her neck, and the nobleness of her forehead  
were visible under the deadly weight of a dress  
as magnificent as was ever invented for the  
purpose of mortifying female vanity. She  
spoke her language with that pretty flow,  
which, I believe, the critics of Lisbon pro-  
nounce to be a vicious peculiarity of the na-  
tives of Madeira, but also with a correctness,  
and an energy that indicated a powerful and  
ingenious mind. I took half of a large bunch  
of violets which I had in my hand, and gave  
them to my friend to present to her. Flowers  
are a dialect of Portuguese origin which is soon  
learned. She took them, curtsied very low,  
opened the folds of a muslin neck handker-  
chief, and dropped them loose on her snowy  
bosom.

The vesper bell sounded, the door was  
closed between the nun and the world, but  
she beckoned us to go into their church—  
We did so; it is one of the finest in the island,  
and very curiously lined with a sort of porce-  
lain, attached to its western end is the chapel  
of the nuns, and a double iron grating to  
enable them to hear and participate in the  
service of the mass. Maria came with some  
flowers in her hand. She took four of them  
from the rest and gave them to me through  
the bars. "Sao innocentes," said she—they  
were some common everlasting.

"How old are you?" "Twenty-one."  
"And your name is—?" "Maria."

"And Clementina as well?" "Yes, in by  
gone days."  
I leaned as close as I could and spoke a few  
words in a low tone, which she did not seem  
to understand.  
"She does not understand," said I.  
"Yes, yes, I understand well," speak."  
"Are you happy, lady?"  
The abbess, who was engaged with my  
companion, turned her head, and Maria an-  
swered with an air of gaiety, "O yes, very  
happy."

I shook my head as in doubt. A minute  
elapsed, and the abbess was occupied again.  
Maria put her hands through the grating,  
took one of mine, and made me feel a thin  
gold ring on her little finger, and then press-  
ing my hand closely, said in an accent which  
I still hear, "No, no, no! I have the heart  
ache."  
The service began; the old nuns croaked  
like frogs, and the young ones paced up and  
down, round and about, in strange and fan-  
ciful figures, chanting as sweetly as Caged Can-  
ary birds. I gazed at them for a long time,  
with feelings that cannot be told, and when  
it was time to go, I caught Maria's eye, and  
made her a slight but earnest bow. She  
dropped a curtsy which seemed a genuflec-  
tion to her neighbor, raised a violet behind  
her service book to her mouth, held it, look-  
ing at the interior and exterior ornaments of  
utility are now unrivalled in the United  
States.

The commissioners of the Northern Liber-  
ties have contracted with an individual to fur-  
nish all the materials and complete a culvert,  
fifteen feet diameter along Peggs Run, from  
the Fifth street, for five thousand two  
hundred dollars.  
at the outer gate and prevent any egress till  
we had brought our prize down to the Loo  
Rock; in a quarter of an hour we should have  
been on board a man of war, and even if they  
had taken the alarm and fired from the batte-  
ry, it is perfectly well known that the Portu-  
guese government never allows more than  
one half of the due charge of powder to its  
artillery, and so we might have laughed at  
their impotent attempts. But what could I  
have done with my nun? Her lover was  
heaven knows where, and as to conjuring  
myself, although Maria was a very lovely girl,  
I happen to have my hands quite full for the  
present. So God bless thee, and again in  
very sorrow I say, God bless thee infinitely,  
sweet and unfortunate Maria! If I were a  
Tory, as sure as I am not, I would pray that  
the Cortes might get on the legs again, if it  
were only to let thee out of thy prison.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### TO THE FEMALE CLUB.

To ever have my constant care  
To pay obeisance to the fair.  
But in this instance, with all due respect to  
the female Triad, or impostor Club, I must  
stand firm to the pillar of truth and open sin-  
cerity. If I (Peter Single) was to enlist un-  
der their banners, and point out the pleasure  
of the married life, it would be committing  
high treason against the young and inexperi-  
enced. It would be forming (excuse the ex-  
pression,) a ship nose for them to fall into,  
and be choked at leisure. I deem it always  
the best to represent the evils attending a  
journey in their worst colours—by so doing,  
the true color will be better able to battle, or  
surmount them. So with the married life  
by representing it as it is, a young couple may  
study each others' dispositions thoroughly,  
and having a portrait before them, will be  
able to avoid the many unpleasant likenesses  
which naturally arise with those who rush  
headlong into a state, whose every path  
ought to be carefully and strictly examined.  
It will therefore be seen, understood, and  
I hope believed, by the fair members of "a  
nameless Club," that Peter Single is not to be  
swayed from a line of duty, marked out by  
reason, equity, and justice; but I beg leave  
to suggest to the members of the said Club,  
that they, being *single* (as to a female  
expression,) to the shores and wily de-  
ceit of men, had much better remain Single—or  
share their share of happiness to the minority  
of their married friends. Thanking them for  
their flattering proposal, he begs leave to re-  
fuse on the grounds of disinterested motives,  
and signs himself, as usual, their well wisher  
forever,  
PETER SINGLE.

### THE MORALIST.

GRIEF is the most destructive of all pas-  
sions. Its effects are permanent, and when it  
sinks deep into the mind, it generally proves  
fatal. Anger and fear, being of a more violent  
nature, seldom last long; but grief often  
changes into a fixed melancholy, which preys  
upon the spirits, and wastes the constitution.  
This passion ought not to be indulged. It  
may generally be conquered at the begin-  
ning, but when it has gained strength, all at-  
tempts to remove it are vain.  
No person can prevent misfortunes in life;  
but it shows true greatness of mind to bear  
them with serenity. Persons make a  
merit of indulging grief, and when misfor-  
tunes happen, they obstinately refuse all con-  
solation, till the mind, overwhelmed with mel-  
ancholy, sinks under the load. Such conduct  
is not only destructive to health but inconsis-  
tent to reason, religion and common sense.

Change of ideas is as necessary for health  
as change of posture. When the mind dwell-  
long upon one subject; especially of a dis-  
agreeable nature, it hurts the whole func-  
tions of the body. Grief indulged spoils the diges-  
tion and destroys the appetite, hence the  
spirits are depressed, the nerves relaxed, the  
bowels inflated with wind, and the humors  
for want of fresh supplies of chyle, vitiated.  
Many an excellent constitution has been ruin-  
ed by a family misfortune, or any thing that  
occasions excessive grief.

It is utterly impossible, that any person of  
a dejected mind should enjoy health. Life  
may indeed be dragged out for a few years,  
but whoever would live to a good old age,  
must be good humoured and cheerful. This,  
indeed, is not altogether in our own power,  
yet our temper of mind, as well as our actions,  
depends greatly upon ourselves. We can  
either associate with cheerful or melancholy  
companions, mingle in the amusements and  
offices of life, or sit still and brood over our

calamities as we chose. These, and many  
such things, are certainly in our power, and  
from these the mind generally takes its cast.

The variety of scenes which present them-  
selves to the senses, were certainly designed  
to prevent our attention from being too long  
fixed upon any one object. Nature abounds  
with variety, and the mind, unless fixed down  
by habit, delights in contemplating new ob-  
jects. This at once points out the method of  
relieving the mind in distress. Turn the at-  
tention frequently to new objects. Examine  
them for some time. When the mind begins  
to recoil, shift the scene. By this means, a  
constant succession of new ideas may be kept  
up, till the disagreeable ones entirely disap-  
pear. Thus travelling, the study of any art  
or science, reading or writing on such subjects  
as deeply engage the attention, will sooner  
expel grief than the most sprightly amuse-  
ments.

As the body cannot be healthy unless it be  
exercised, neither can the mind. Indolence  
nourishes grief. When the mind has nothing  
to think of but calamities, no wonder that  
it dwells there. Few people who pursue  
business with attention are hurt by grief. In-  
stead, therefore, of abstracting ourselves from  
the world or business, when misfortunes hap-  
pen, we ought to engage in it with more than  
usual attention, to discharge with double  
vigilance the functions of our station, and to  
mix with friends of a cheerful and social tem-  
per.

Innocent amusements are not to be ne-  
glected. These, by leading the mind insensibly  
to the contemplation of agreeable objects,  
help to dispel the gloom which misfortunes  
cast over it. They make time seem less  
tedious, and have many other happy effects.  
Some persons, when overwhelmed with  
grief, betake themselves to drinking. This  
is making the cure worse than the disease.  
It seldom fails to end in the ruin of fortune,  
character and constitution.

### FROM THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.

#### THE MINOR'S RETURN.

Oh! I could weep, like him who wept  
O'er Sabina's destined doom;  
When her stern son unconsciously slept  
Upon their country's tomb.  
For, in the thistle springs unheeded  
When beauty's steps were known,  
And her bright temple torn and wrecked—  
Its walls with weeds o'ergrown!  
I asked for her of brighter days,  
When early cups were mine;  
Oh! I gave the minor's prayers,  
And the dull minor's rhyme!  
I sought for him whose heart and hand  
Each friendly feeling knew;  
His home was breathing on the strand—  
The winds his requiem blew.  
I asked for him who loved to pour  
The sacred song of praise;  
With men his voice he heard no more,  
Forever hushed his lays;  
My steps turned to fortune's fane,  
And craved an entrance there;  
The votary's treatment shows a stain,  
Where 'neath a heart of care,  
No more—Far better still to roam  
Among a stranger land;  
Than seek a solitary home,  
Even in our native land.  
The soul is sick—and flies the scene  
Of disillusioned dream.  
Looks back to what it once hath been—  
Now to dark ruin doom. BOSTON BARD.

### WHISPER TO A WIFE.

In the matrimonial character, gentle lady,  
no longer let your fancy wander to scenes of  
pleasure or desolation. Let home be no  
empty empire, your world! Let home be now  
the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts,  
your plans, your exertions. Let home be  
now the stage on which, in the varied charac-  
ter of a wife, of mother, and of mistress, you  
strive to act and shine with splendor. In its  
sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its an-  
chor, let your feelings and pursuits all be cen-  
tered. And beyond the spreading oaks that  
shadow and shelter your dwelling, gentle lady,  
let not your fancy wander. Leave to your  
husband to do as he himself in his value or  
his talents. Do you seek for fame at home?  
and let the applause of your town, of your  
children, and your servants, weave for your  
brow a never fading chaplet.

An ingenious writer says, "If a pointer  
wished to draw the very finest object in the  
world, it would be the picture of a wife, with  
eyes expressing the serenity of her mind, and  
a countenance beaming with benevolence,  
one hand falling to rest on her husband's lovely  
forehead, the other employed in presenting a  
morsel of food to a young son or daughter, who  
stands at her knee, listening to the words of truth  
and wisdom from his incomparable mother."

I think there is something very lovely in  
seeing a woman overcome those little domes-  
tic disputes which every mistress of a family  
has to contend with, sitting down to her break-  
fast-table in the morning with a cheerful, un-  
flinching countenance, and endeavoring to promote  
pleasant and pleasant conversation among her  
little circle. But vain will be her amiable ef-  
forts at cheerfulness, if she be not assisted by  
her husband and other members around, and  
truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a family  
when collected together, instead of enjoy-  
ing the quiet scene with a little good-humored  
chat, setting like so many statues, as if each  
was unworthy the attention of the other. And  
then, when a stranger comes in, O dear, such  
smiles, and animation, and hospitality! "Let  
my lot be to please at home," says the poet,  
and truly I cannot help feeling a contemptible  
opinion of those persons, you or I, male  
or female, who lavish their good humors and  
pleasantness in company, and hoard up politeness  
and wisdom for the scarce and loving  
group which compose their fire-side.

The following touching anecdote, which  
Melancthon Jencks recounts in the eighth  
volume of his Memoirs, is not to be matched:  
"In speaking of noble actions and character,  
I must here make mention of an instance  
which was lately recorded to me. There  
lives an old peasant woman near Paris, who  
has an orphan grand daughter sixteen years  
of age, with whom she charges herself, and  
whom she is passionately fond of, but as an

such a condition of life, sensibility is very  
commonly joined to brutality and violence,  
the affect on of the old woman for the young  
girl does not prevent her from frequently  
beating her with rudeness and severity, a  
treatment which the poor girl has constantly  
supported with unalterable mildness, and  
without a single complaint. One day, when  
the old woman, yielding as usual to her fury,  
beat the young peasant girl with great cru-  
elty, and for a long time, the latter all at once  
began to weep bitterly. On this, her grand-  
mother ceased, and cried out: 'Ah! this is  
something new; you never used to cry when  
I beat you and why do you now?' 'Alas!'  
cried the weeping girl, 'I cry because you  
don't hurt me now, and I see by that sign  
your strength is going.' I hope that an an-  
swer like this has disarmed every irritable  
grandmother.

### CHAPTER OF FALSITIES.

*Felix Collier, alias, Glib.*—The invention of  
these convenient articles is probably known  
but to few. Some years since, an economical  
bachelor, to save the expense of washing, was  
accustomed to wear his linen till it wore off  
his back. The collar, of course remained,  
that part being less liable to wear and tear.  
The next suit of shirts he ordered to be made  
without collars—hence the fashion.

*Felix Collier, alias, Necks.*—The name of  
this is a very happy one, for you feel about  
as comfortable encased in one of them, as  
if you were really set in the stocks. Still they  
have some advantage over the stocks, for they  
save the trouble of facing the glass an hour or  
two every day, to arrange a fashionable tie.  
The invention of a new tie, by the way, is  
considered by the Fancy, as not less difficult  
and more important than the discovery of the  
philosopher's stone. Nevertheless, I have in-  
vented one perfectly original and unique. I  
style it the Gordian tie, the peculiar excel-  
lence of which is, it will remain inextricable  
as long as worn. I took the idea from the  
hangman's knot.

*Felix Collier, alias, Sontags.*—I abhor the  
false hair in a woman. I care not how whim-  
sical or fantastic she dresses her hair, provid-  
ed it be her own—whether she constructs it  
in imitation of a crow's nest or a cobweb—  
only let it be her own. Artificial curls are in  
constant danger of dropping off—they remind  
one of so many criminals on the gallows, only  
a hair's breadth between them and eternity.  
Yet, ball-pated ladies will insist that false  
scallops are better than none, and that they de-  
fend a certain weak part from the attacks of  
madness, young men. This last idea gave  
occasion for a sudden acquaintance of mine to  
perpetrate a most desperate pun. I paid her  
a visit the other evening, and found her with  
a lap full of hair. I half suspected that Delilah  
like, she had been shaving some unfortunate  
Sampson—twisting them into beautiful cork-  
screws. My curiosity was excited, and I en-  
quired what might be the use of such queer  
looking things. "O!" said she, "I bring most  
knowingly at myself, they are glorious for-  
treses."

*Felix Collier, alias, Winks.*—If these I do not mean  
the little stolid-looking ladies sometimes wear  
chained round the neck. Oh no! they are an  
entirely different thing; not confined by  
chains of gold, for no bonds can hold them.  
I cannot tell the composition of them, for like  
the mind, they are known only by their effects.  
I have wondered how woman kind, from Helen  
to Eliza Wharton, have been able to keep  
from the men this grand secret of their free  
masonry—the composition of a false hair.

### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

From the Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds, written  
by himself.

My uncle's motive for visiting England, was  
chiefly business; though, partly for the advan-  
tage of his ward, a young Portuguese lady, to  
whom, two years previously, he had been ap-  
pointed guardian by her deceased father, a  
gentleman of good family, but small fortune.  
Olivia Garcia, was the name of the fair for-  
eigner. She had no mother, no relative, in-  
deed, no dependence, save on Mr. Macey—  
she was in her nineteenth year, extremely  
beautiful, and not rendered less so by the  
fixed and peculiar melancholy of her coun-  
tenance, a melancholy apparently arising from  
some secret grief. This supposition received  
considerable credit, owing to Mr. Macey's re-  
served and mysterious manner, whenever any  
inquiries were made as to her history.

My father, at this time, had a new client, in  
Mr. Edward B——, a gentleman lately re-  
turned from a prolonged sojourn in the Con-  
tinent. He possessed a pleasing person, with  
great literary acquirements, and inherited a  
large paternal estate.

One day, soon after my uncle's arrival, Mr.  
B——'s carriage stopped at the door, and  
my father being engaged in the parlour, or-  
dered his young and fashionable client to be  
shown into the drawing-room, where my aunt  
and I were sitting with the captivating Olivia,  
in vain endeavouring to enliven and amuse  
her.

Mr. B—— entered the room. My aunt  
and I, perceiving a stranger, rose to receive  
him, whilst our fair visitor, in a state of abso-  
lute inactivity, sat fixed on the ground, as  
motionless as a statue, her eyes fixed on the  
entrance of the room, and her countenance  
expressing an additional person. Advancing to  
war is my aunt, he was proceeding to pay her  
his compliments, when discovering Olivia, he  
suddenly became violently agitated, and rush-  
ing towards her, tenderly took, and pressed  
her hand. Surprised, she raised her eyes, and  
then, with a suppressed scream, hastily retired  
from the room. He was about to follow her,  
but Mr. Macey entering at that moment, de-  
tained him. My aunt and I immediately re-  
turned, and after a short private conference  
with my uncle, Mr. B—— departed.

This singular and extraordinary incident led to  
the total of poor Olivia's story. It appeared,  
that early in the previous autumn, Mr. B——  
arriving in Lisbon, was, by a mutual friend,  
introduced to my uncle. Consequently, he  
was invited to the house, and after a few in-  
terviews, it became evident, that the young  
Englishman was much struck by the beauty,  
and engaging manners of Mr. Macey's ward.

"I presume, sir, you intend to show your  
affection for my ward."

"I do so," he replied, eagerly; "I  
love her most truly, and most ardently."  
"Well, then," rejoined Mr. Macey, "I am  
authorized to declare, she will give her hand  
where her heart is already bestowed."

Olivia's admirer hesitated, apparently much  
embarrassed.

"Don't be dejected, sir," cried the old gen-  
tleman, encouragingly; "you do not think I  
shall withhold my consent!—provided you  
understand the necessary arrangements pre-  
viously to the marriage are settled."

"Marriage!" repeated the lover, turning  
pale, as if that word, "shot from the deadly  
level of a gun, was sent to murder him."

"What, sir?" exclaimed my alarmed uncle,  
"dare you—in one word, sir, explain. Is my  
ward designed to be the victim of artifice, or  
the reward of honorable love?"

"Pity me, sir!" was the lover's impetuous  
reply, after a pause, during which he vainly  
struggled to regain his self-possession.

"Your intention, then, is not to marry her,  
but—"













THE CASE BAR.

The following lines on a doctor named Marshall, etc., will be seen, a parody on the verses written on the tomb of Sir John Moore.

THE CASE BAR.

A SKETCH.

The (London) New Monthly Magazine has furnished, from time to time, amusing sketches of its Irish bar.

OUR WANTS.

Dr. Parr was of opinion that a man's happiness was secure in proportion to the small number of his wants, and said, that all his life he had been his object to prevent the multiplication of them in himself.

GREEN FRUIT.

It is probable that more children's lives are destroyed, in the summer, by this cause of disease, than almost all others put together.

THE LOCUST.

A prevalent opinion entertained by the ignorant, in relation to the return of this insect, is that when it visits commenced, the first on its body that each succeeding period of 17 years has witnessed the locusts brought down regularly to W. and that when they will be an end of all earthly enjoyments.

CREDIT FOR CHARACTER.

When Lord Keppel was on the bench, he ended an assize at Croydon, and one of the prisoners requested to have his trial put off for eleven to four o'clock, on the ground that a witness whom he expected from London, could not arrive till the latter hour.

ORIGINAL.

A gentleman meeting a friend in Chestnut street, remarked that Mr. ——— was a betwixt, and had recently failed. "Is he?" "Yes," replied his friend, "he has over-run the Banks."

SHERIDAN AND LOUD THURLOW.

Sheridan was dining with the black and white Chancelor, when he produced some admirer of the Cape of Good Hope. The wine bottle emptied with uncommon rapidity, and his wife to work to get another.

THE ENIGMA. No form or substance can I claim, No wondrous strange you'll cry, I'm heard, seen, felt, nay, tasted too.

THE ENIGMA.

Like a man I am I horn but die, Like a man I am I horn but die, Like a man I am I horn but die, Like a man I am I horn but die.

THE ENIGMA.

I am a word of four letters, and am the very best and the most agreeable to eat, my first, second and fourth, three letters of a plant used by brewers.

THE ENIGMA.

Voltaire is the word meant in the Puzzle of the Enigma. Answer to the Enigma. One my third letter, and I am a transposition my 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th.

THE ENIGMA.

Answers to the Conundrums which appeared in our paper of July 8th. 1. M.C. Nip. 2. German. 3. Germany. 4. Christ. Philadelphia-Dover. Christ.

REVERIES.

Easy shoes; frequently having the feet in like manner, with a little salt of potash dissolved in it. The corn itself will be completely destroyed.

CURE FOR WARTS.

The milky juice of the stalks of spurge, or of the common fig leaf, by persevering application, will, to a certainty, soon remove them.

CURIOUS PLANTER.

Take of a fig leaf, half an ounce; Turpentine (or Frank's balsam), a drachm; mix the ingredients in an ounce of water, and boil the solution till a great part of the water is consumed.

CERTAIN CURE FOR THE CRAMP.

An efficient preventive for the cramp in the calves of the legs, which is a most grievous ailment, is to stretch out the heel of the leg up to the toes towards the sun.

TO CURE THE STING OF A WASP OR BEE.

In any position, from an extensive view of the agriculture of our country generally, and operations and regulars seen in the most improved and experienced of a very great number of our countrymen.

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TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS. J. HOWE, returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the friends of the cause who have assisted him in the publication of the "Columbian Syrup."

TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

A course of management then, calculated to realize an object, in the aggregate, of great importance, ought assuredly to engage the especial attention and study of every farmer upon agriculture.

TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

A general statement of M. HENRY'S PRINTING and PUBLISHING, is that he has been engaged in the printing and publishing business for many years.

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